C.I.A.I.OI Raborn, William

Disinformation

MY SILENT WAR, by Kim Philby, 262 pp. New York: Grove, \$5.95.

"To the comrades who showed me the way to service."

That mocking phrase, the dedication of the book purporting to be Kim Philby's "own story," is all the review that is really needed, for it advertises at once both the true authorship and the utter untrustworthiness of what is to follow

Kim Philby (is there anyone left on either side of the Atlantic who has not heard his tale by now?) became a Marxist at Cambridge in the early 1930's. Already a Soviet agent, he entered British war-time intelligence (through a door opened by Guy Burgess) and in 1945 became head of the Brillish counterespionage effort against the Soviets.

He served for a while in Washington as liaison officed to the FBI and the CIA, but was forced to resign in 1951 when the defection of Burgess and Maclean focused suspicion on him. Positive proof of his treachery did not reach the West until the early 1960s, whereupon he promptly fled to Moscow, At last reports he had there shed his third wife and taken up with Mrs Maclean.

IN A BRILLIANT essay commenting at length on this case, Hugh Trevor-Roper has pointed out that if "communism may be a political nusance to some, to others it is a religion — perhaps the only religion which can still totally paralyse the mental and moral faculties of its converts and cause them to commit any turpitude, and to suffer any indignity, for its sake."

Philby was just such a corvect, and the intellectual cantery be accepted burnt away his critical spirit, his frond conscience and all vestures of integrity, and for incee decades permitted him to betray and destroy friends without a qualm. (And this was no parlongame; mealigating for what they held inveed in wore killed and im-

Not once in all those years did Philby question the utility, the objectives or the ethics of what he was doing, nor did he ask for any reward but the approbation of his Soviet masters—the "comrades" of his dedication.

WITH PHILBY'S flight to Moscow all possible service he could perform for the KGB had come to an end; there was nothing left but a residual propaganda play, to which Philby lent nimself as well. and this book is the result. The 12th Department of the First Chief Directorate of the KGB¥ bears the interesting title "Disinformation"; its purpose is to spread by whatever means come to hand confusion and deception in Western peoples and governments. Page by page, "My Secret War" follows the Disinformation line; case after ancient case is disinterred and propped up just long enough for the KGB to get its licks in.

As usual, the 12 Department has difficulty with Western names; it is hard to imagine Philby, a fluent German speaker, referring to the head of the Western intelligence service as "von" Gehlen, or to Admiral "Rabone" as the Director of the CIA.

FOR THE last five years oc so two KGB Illegals, Peter and Helen Kroger (who were born Morris and Hona Cohen in New York) have been sitting in jail in England. The KGB finds this painful, as they have more or less promised their agents that if they are caught with their hands in the cookie jar the Soviet Union will come riding to the rescue to spring them. All previous Societ efforts to extort a relea e for the Krogers have failed and the latest KGB attemit consisted of an offer not to publish Philby's memoirs - a clear indication of why they were written and who controlled them. To this the British properly replied "Publish and be damned." Hopefully Grove Press will



KIM PHILBY IN 1967. Photographed in Moscow by Wis Son